Poems

Violet G. Fyfield

Memory Verses
for
my Children
to read.

1914.

I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good thing, therefore that I can do or any kindness I can show to any fellow human being let me do it now. Let me not defer nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.

Stephen Grellet.

Little Boy Blue.

Eugene Field.

The little toy dog is covered with dust
But sturdy and stanch he stands
And the little toy soldier is red with rust
And his musket molds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new
And the soldier was passing fair
And that was the time when our little Boy Blue,
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now don't you go till I come," he said
"And don't you make any noise!"
So toddling off to his trundle bed
He dreamed of his pretty toys.
And as he was dreaming, an angel's song
Awakened our little Boy Blue.
Oh the years are many, the years are long
But the little toy friends are true.

Ay faithful to little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place.
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.
And they wonder, as waiting the long years through
In the dust of that little chair
What has become of our little Boy Blue,
Since he kissed them and put them there.

Wynken, Blynken and Nod.

Eugene Field.

Wynken, Blynken and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe,
Sailed on a river of crystal light
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going. What do you wish"
The old moon asked the three.
"We come to fish for the herring fish
That live in the beautiful sea.
Nets of silver and gold have we,"
Said Wynken, Blynken and Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song
As they rocked in the wooden shoe.
And the wind that sped them all night long,
Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in that beautiful sea—
"Now cast your nets where ever you wish
Never afeard are we.
So cried the stars to the fishermen three
Wynken, Blynken and Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
To to stars in the twinkling foam.
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe
Bringing the fishermen home.
'Twas all so pretty a sail it seemed
As if it could not be,
And some folks thot twas a dream they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea.
But I can name you the fishermen three—
Wynken, Blynken and Nod.

Wynken, Blynken (and Nod)
are two little eyes,
And Nod is the little head.
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies,
Is the wee ones' trundle bed.
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be.
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock on the misty sea.
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three—
Wynken, Blynken and Nod.

The Little Lad.

(St Paul Pioneer Press May 7. 1911.)

By Larry Mo.

When the toil of the day is ended,
And homeward I turn my feet,
The worry and flurry drift away
Lost in a vision sweet;
For I know at the end of the journey
The joy that my heart shall see—
There's a little face at the window
Where a little boy waits for me.

Long has he watched and waited
Eager to romp and play:
And often he asks the mother
"Aint Papa coming to-day?"
And soon as I turn the corner
He bounces out of the door,
And when I gather him to my heart,
I know what living is for.

The little lad's face at the window,
It laughs thru my longest day
It shines thru the hour of trouble
It banishes care away
Yet often while I am toiling
I fall on my knees in prayer
For my heart is clutched with a terror
"Oh God! If he were not there!"

Pittypat and Tippytoe.

All day they come and go,
Pittypat and Tippytoe
Footprints up and down the hall,
Playthings scattered on the floor,
Finger marks along the wall,
Tell-tale smudges on the door;
By these presents you shall know,
Pittypat and Tippytoe.

How they riot at their play!
And a dozen times a day
In they troop, demanding bread —
Only buttered bread will do,
And the butter must be spread
Inches thick, with sugar, too!
And I never can say "No"
Pittypat and Tippytoe.

Sometimes there are griefs to soothe,
Sometimes ruffled brows to smooth
For (I much regret to say)
Tippytoe and Pittypat
Sometimes interrupt their play
With an internecine spat.
Fie, for shame! to quarrel so —
Pittypat and Tippytoe.

Of the thousand worrying things
Every day recurrent brings
Hands to scrub, and hair to brush
Search for playthings gone amiss
Many a wee complaint to hush,
Many a little bump to kiss:
Life seems one vain fleeting show
To Pittypat and Tippytoe!

And when the day is at an end
There are little duds to mend
Little frocks are strangely torn
Little shoes great holes reveal.
Little hose, but one day worn,
Rudely yawn at toe and heel!
Who but you could work such woes
Pittypat and Tippytoe!

But when comes this thought to me
"Some there are that childless be."
Stealing to their little beds
With a love I cannot speak
Tenderly I stroke their heads —
Fondly kiss each velvet cheek.
God help those who do not know
Pittypat and Tippytoe!

On the floor and down the hall,
Rudely sunitched upon the wall,
There are proofs of every kind
Of the havoc they have wrought.
And upon my heart you'd find
Just such trade-marks, if you sought
Oh, how glad I am 'tis so
Pittypat and Tippytoe!

— Eugene Field

Blue Eyes.

Katherine Tynan.

The little boy we might not keep
Had such great eyes of heaven, such eyes
Deeper than sapphires and more deep
Than any seas or skies.

Such eyes of wonder opened wide
On the strange world: he drank his fill,
While other babies slept and cried,
Of wonder, wondering still.

"What is it that he sees?" We cried
And followed in the wonder's track
But when the little one was dead
That wondering gaze came back.

O are you wondering, wondering still?
For now you see such wondrous things
Such angels by the field and rill
With wondrous head and wings.

O are you wondering, wondering yet
At the kind breast you lie upon
And the kind eyes that once were wet
For a most holy son?

Our little boy with wondering eyes
I wonder will they wonder still
Or meet our own with no surprise
When we come over the hill.

Hide and Go-Seek.

It was an old, old, old lady
And a boy who was half past three -
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping
And the boy, no more could he -
For he was a thin little fellow
With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight
Out under the maple tree -
And the game that they played together
I'll tell you,
Just as 'twas told to me.

It was Hide and go Seek they were playing
Tho' you'd never have known it to be -
With an old, old, old, old lady
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down -
On his one little sound right knee -
And he'd guess where she was hiding
In guesses. One - Two - Three!

"You are in the china closet!"
He would cry, and laugh with glee -
It wasn't the china-closet!
But he still had Two and Three!

"You are up in Papas big bedroom
In the chest with the queer old key!"
And she said, You are warm and warmer,
But you're not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard
Where Mamma's things used to be—
So it must be the clothes-press, Grandma"
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers
That were wrinkled and white and wee.
And she guessed where he was hiding
With a: one, and Two, and Three.

And they never had stirred from their places
Right under the maple-tree,
This old, old, old, old lady—
And the boy with the lame, little knee.
This dear, dear, dear old lady.
And the boy who was half-past three.

H.C. Bunner.
Boston Transcript.

F.W. Bourdillon.

Upon the valley's lap, The dewy morning throws
A thousand pearly drops, To wake a single rose.
So often in the course Of life's few fleeting years.
A single pleasure costs The soul a thousand tears.

Sometime.

Sometime when all life's lessons have been learned
And sun and stars forevermore have set.
The things which our weak judgment here have spurned,
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us, out of life's dark night,
As stars shine more in deeper tints of blue.
And we shall see how all God's plans were right
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

But not to-day— Then be content, poor heart
God's plans, like lilies, pure and white unfold
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart
Time will reveal the hidden cups of gold.
And if thru patient toil we reach the land
Where weary feet, with sandals loosed, may rest,
Then shall we know and dearly understand—
I think that we shall say,—
"God knew the best."

Mary Louise Riley Smith

The Saloon Bar.

A bar to Heaven, a door to Hell –
Whoever named it, named it well!
A bar to manliness and wealth
A door to want, and broken health
A bar to honor, pride and fame,
A door to sin and grief and shame.
A bar to hope, a bar to prayer.
A door to darkness and despair
A bar to honored, useful life.
A door to brawling, useless strife.
A bar to all that are true and brave.
A door to every drunkard's grave.
A bar to joy that home imparts
A door to tears and aching hearts.
A bar to Heaven, a door to Hell,–
Who-ever named it, named it well!

Where the rough road turns and the valley sweet
Smiles bright with its balm and bloom,
Will forget the thorns that have pierced the feet.
The nights with their grief and gloom.

Frank Stanton.

Motherhood.

The night throbs on; O, let me pray, dear Lord!
Crush off his name a moment from my mouth
To Thee my eyes would turn, but they go back.
Back to my arm beside me where he lay,–
So little, Lord, so little and so warm!

I cannot think that thou hadst need of him.
He was so little, Lord, he cannot sing,
He cannot praise Thee; all his life had learned,
Was to hold fast my kisses in the night.

Give him to me – he is not happy there!
He had not felt this life; his lovely eyes
Just knew me for his mother, and he died.

Hast Thou an angel there to mother him?
I say he loves me best – if he forgets
If Thou allow it that my child forgets
And runs not out to meet me when I come –

What are my curses to Thee? Thou hast heard
The curse of Abel's mother, and since then
We have not ceased to threaten at Thy throne
To threat & pray Thee that Thou hold them still

In memory of us. See Thou tend him well,
Thou God of all the Mothers. If he lack
One of his kisses – Ah my heart, my heart,
Do angels kiss in Heaven? Give him back!

Forgive me, Lord, but I am sick with grief.
And tired of tears and cold to comforting.
Thou art wise, I know, and tender aye, and good,
Thou hast my child, and he is safe in Thee.

And I believe – Ah God, my child shall go
Orphaned among the angels! all alone
So little and alone! He knows not Thee,
He only knows his mother – give him back.

Josephine Dodge Daskam.
in Scribner's.

The Little Coat.

Here's his ragged "round-a-bout,"
Turn the pockets inside out:
See; his penknife lost to use,
Rusted shut with apple-juice;
Here, with marbles, top and string
Is his deadly "devil-sling."
With its rubber, limp at last
As the sparrows of the past!
Beeswax, buckles, leather straps –
Bullets and a box of caps –
Not a thing of all, I guess
But betrays some waywardness.
E'en these tickets blue and red,
For the Bible verses said –
Such as this his memory kept –
"Jesus wept."

Here's a fishing hook and line
Tangled up with wire and twine,
And dead angle-worms and some
Slugs of lead and chewing gum,
Blent with scents that can but come
From the oil of rhodium.
Here – a soiled yet dainty note
That some little sweetheart wrote;
Dotting – "Vine grows round a stump."

And – "My sweetest sugar-lump.
Wrapped in this – a padlock key,
Where he's filled a touch-hole – see!
And some powder in a quill,
Corked up with a liver-pill.
And a spongy little chunk
Of punk!

Here's the little coat, but Oh!
Where is he we've censored so?
Don't you hear us calling, dear?
Back! come back and never fear –
You may wander where you will,
Over orchard, field and hill,
You may kill the birds, or do
Anything that pleases you!
Ah, this empty coat of his!
Every tatter worth a kiss;
Every stain as pure instead
As the white stars overhead.
And the pockets – homes were they
Of the little hands that play
Now no more, but, absent there
Beckon us.

James Whitcomb Riley.

Out In the Fields With God.

The little cares that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday;
Among the fields, above the sea,
Among the winds at play;
Among the lowing of the herds;
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds
The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what may pass
I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay;
Among the rustling of the corn,
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born,
Out in the fields with God.

The scripture says that in His own sweet way
If we but wait,
The Lord will take our burdens and set
Crooked matters straight."

Harry Chesler.

Flowers are the sweetest things God ever made and forgot to put a soul in.

H. W. Beecher

Baby.

Only a baby's grave—
A foot or two at the most
Of dear-dewed sod;
But a loving God
Knows what the little grave cost.

Only a baby's life,—
Brief as a perfumed kiss,
So fleet it goes;
But our Father knows
We are nearer to Him for this.

Which Loved Best?

"I love you, mother," said little John;
Then, forgetting his work, his cap went on
And he was off to the garden swing,
And left her wood and water to bring.

"I love you, mother," said rosy Nell;
I love you than tongue can tell."
Then she teased and pouted full half the day,
Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan;
Today I'll help you all I can;
How glad I am that school doesn't keep
So she rocked the baby till it fell asleep.

Then stepping softly she fetched the broom
And swept the floor and tidied the room
Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and happy as child could be.

"I love you, mother," again they said—
Three little children going to bed.
How do you think that mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best?

His New Brother.

Say, I've got a little brother,
Never teased to have him, mother,
But he's here;
They just went ahead and bought him
And last week the doctor brought him;
Wa'nt that queer?

When I heard the news from Molly
Why! I thot at first 'twas jolly
'Cause you see,
I'sposed I could go and get him,
An' then Mamma 'course she would let him
Play with me.

But when I had once looked at him
"Why" I says, "my sakes! is that him?
Just that mite?"
They said, "Yes," and "Ain't he cumin'?"
He's a sight!

He's so small, its jest amazin',
And you'd think that he was blazin'
He's so red.
And he's nose is like a berry
And he's bald as Uncle Jerry
On the head.

Why, he isn't worth a dollar;
All he does is cry and holler,
More and more;
Won't sit up, you can't arrange him,
I don't see why Pa don't change him
At the store.

Now we've got to dress and feed him,
And we really didn't need him
More'n a frog;
Why'll they buy a baby brother
When they know I'd good deal rather
Have a dog?

Joseph C. Lincoln

Send Them To Bed With a Kiss.

O Mothers, so weary, discouraged
Worn out with the cares of the day,
You often grow cross and impatient
Complain of the noise and the play.
For the day brings so many vexations
So many things going amiss;
But Mothers, whatever may vex you,
Send the children to bed with a kiss

The dear little (hands) feet wander often,
Perhaps from the pathway of right,
The dear little hands find new mischief
To try you from morning till night;
But think of the desolate mothers
Who'd give all the world for your bliss,
And, as thanks for your infinite blessings
Send the children to bed with a kiss!

For some day, their noise will not vex you,
The silence will hurt you far more.
You will long for their sweet childish voices
For a sweet childish face at the door.
And to press a child's face to your bosom,
You'd give all the world for just this!
For the comfort 'twill bring you in sorrow,
Send the children to bed with a kiss!

Memories.

by. Mary Carolyn Davies

McCall's - June 1917.

The years seem birds
Like these
They may not stay —
But where Love is
Their memories
Like flowers bloom always.

From Peter-Peter. by Ruth Sawyer.
from Everybody's Mag. Dec. 1913.

What would ye think that the wee birds were singin' —
Hid by, in the brush?
Weary and spent with their soarin' and wingin'

The night brings them home to their nests where they're swingin'
And singin' their — "hush"!

What would ye think the wee lambs were thinkin' —
Breasted close to the sheep?
All thru' the long day they've been nibblin' — drinkin'
The clear running water; — and now they are blinkin',
An' thinkin' o' sleep.

What would ye think the wee childer were sayin' —
Sweet as wind i' the reeds?
Their little white feet are all tired wi' playin'
An now at day's end they are kneelin' and prayin'
An saying their beads.

An what would ye think a wee lad could be dreamin'
Lying here, fast asleep?
'Tis o' birds and sheep, an wee childer, all seemin'
To bring pretty pictures to put in his dreamin
Tae his dreaming so sweet.

A Measure of Heaven.

by Bliss Carman.

Heaven is no larger than this little
Valley
The white sun visits and the wandering
showers.
For there is room enough for spring's
return
For lilac evenings and the rising moon.
And time enough for autumn's idle
days
When soul is ripe for immortality.
And then when winter comes with
smouldering dusk
To kindle rosy flames upon the
hearth.
And hang his starry belt upon the
night
One firelit room is large enough for
heaven —
For all we know of wisdom and of love,
And the eternal welfare of the heart.

What is Home?
"A world of strife shut out, a world of Love shut in."

"Where you are treated best and grumble most."

"The father's kingdom, the children's paradise, the mother's world."

In the Morning.

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind
Would trouble my mind
I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling
Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex our vain
With looks and tone
We might never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it might be
That never for me
The pain of the heart should cease.
How many go forth in the morning
That never come back at night!
And hearts have been broken
For harsh words spoken
That sorrow can never set right.

We have careful thots for the stranger
And smiles for the sometime guest
But for "our own"
The bitter tone
Tho' we love "our own" the best.
Ah! lips with the curve impatient
Ah brow with that look of scorn!
'Twere a cruel fate
We the night too late
To undo the work of morn.

Margaret Sangster.

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Learn to Forget.

Turn from the past with its old regret,
Harvest the wisdom and shut the door.
Turn to the dawn when the sun is set,
Turn from the chill of the nevermore.
Learn to forget.

Is there a past with a judgment debt.
Do what you can then, make your pledge,
And turning away from the memory fret,
Live on the moments' brittle edge,
Learn to forget.

Edwin Markham

Yes - learn to forget.

The Night After.

by Helen Bullis.

It was all a mistake, a dream, I suppose;
There is no fresh earth on the hillside there,
Where the night falls first, and the north wind blows,
Till the frozen knoll is bleak and bare.
(Listen! was that her step on the stair?)

The lamp is alight in the room below,
She is sitting there sewing an overcast seam
And the fire leaps up, and the shadows go
And her face so white takes a rosy gleam
(Hush! the whiteness was only a dream!)

I could call her - Mother! - she sleeps so near
And she'd answer, at any hour o'the night
"Don't be frightened; the dark won't hurt you dear!"
And then she would come and bring the light
(But I won't call now, tho' I know I might!)

Slumber-Songs of the Madonna.

Sleep, little baby; I love thee;
Sleep little king, I am bending over thee!
How should I know what to sing.
Here in my arms as I swing thee to sleep?
Hushaby low,
Rockaby so,
Kings may have wonderful jewels to bring.
Mother has only a kiss for her king!
Why should my singing make me to weep?
Only I know that I love thee, I love thee,
Love thee, my little one, sleep.

II

Is it a dream? Ah yet it seems.
Not the same as other dreams!
I can but think that angels sang,
When thou wast born, in the starry sky,
And that their golden harps out-rang
While the silver clouds went by.

The morning sun shuts out the stars
Which are much loftier than the sun
But, could we burst our prison-bars,
And find the Light when night begins,
The dreams that heralded thy birth
Were truer than the truths of earth;
And by that far immortal Gleam
Son of my soul, I still would dream!

A ring of light was round thy head,
The great-eyed oxen nigh thy bed,
Their cold and innocent noses bowed,
Their sweet breath rose like an incense cloud
In the blurred and mystic lanthorn light.
About the middle of the night
The black door blazed like some great star
With a glory from afar
Or like some mighty chrysolite
Wherein an angel stood in white.
Blinding arrowy bladed wings
Before the throne of the King of kings
And thro it, I could dimly see
A great steed tethered to a tree.

Then with crimson gems aflame
Thro' the door the three kings came,
And the black Ethiop unrolled
The richly broidered cloth of gold,
And poured forth before thee there
Gold and frankincense and myrrh!

III.

See what a wonderful smile! Does it mean
That my little one knows of my love?
Was it meant for an angel that passed unseen
And smiled at us back from above?
Does it mean that he knows of the birds & the flowers
That are waiting to sweeten his childhood hours
And the tales he shall tell and the games he will play
And the songs we shall sing and the prayers we shall pray
In his boyhood's May
He and I, one day.

IV.

All in the warm blue summer weather
We shall laugh and love together
I shall watch my baby growing.
I shall guide his feet!

When the range trees are blowing
And the winds are heavy and sweet,
When the orange orchards whiten
I shall see his great eyes brighten
To watch the twisted long-legged camels going
Up the twisted street.
When the orange trees are blowing
And the winds are sweet.

What does it mean? Indeed it seems
A dream! yet not like other dreams!

We shall walk in pleasant vales,
Listening to the shepherds' song,
I shall tell him lovely tales
All day long:
He shall laugh while mother sings
Tales of fishermen and kings.

He shall see them come and go,
O'er the wistful sea.
Where rosy oleanders blow
Round Blue Lake Galilee
Kings with fisher's ragged coats
And silver nets across their boats
Dipping thru' the starry glow,
With crowns for him and me!
Ah, no;
Crowns for him, not me!

Rockaby so! Indeed it seems,
A dream! yet not like other dreams!

Ah! see what a wonderful smile again!
Shall I hide it away in my heart.
To remember one day in a world of pain
When the years have torn us apart,
Little babe,
When the years have torn us apart?
Clenched little hands like crumpled roses,
Dimpled and dear,
Feet like flowers that the dawn encloses,
What do I fear?
Little hands, will you ever be clenched in
anguish,
White little limbs will you droop and
languish

Nay what do I hear?
I hear a shouting far away,
You shall ride on a kingly palm-strewn way
Some day!

And when you are crowned with a golden
crown
And throned on a golden throne.

You'll forget the manger of Bethlehem town
And your mother that sits alone.
Wondering whether the mighty King
Remembering a song she used to sing.
Long ago.
"Rockabye so
Kings may have wonderful jewels to bring
Mother has only a kiss for her King!"

. . . . . .

And now you are mine, all mine
And your feet can lie in my hand so small,
And your tiny hands in my heart can twine.
And you cannot walk, so you never shall fall,
Or be pierced by the thorns beside the door
Or the nails that lie upon Joseph's floor;
Thru' sun and rain, thru' shadow and shine,
You are mine, all mine!

Alfred Noyes -

New Year.

Each new Year is a leaf of our Love's rose;
It falls, but quick another rose-leaf grows,
So is the flower from year to year the same,
But richer, for the dead leaves feed its flame.

Richard W. Gilder -

I hear the bells of Christmas Day,
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet, the words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men.

And thot how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all christendom
Had rolled along,
The unbroken song,
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

Who Stole The Bird's Nest.

"Who Whit! To-whit! To-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid
And the nice nest I made?"

"Not I," said the cow, "Moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do.
I gave you a wisp of hay
But I did not take your nest away.
Not I, said the cow, "moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do."

"Bob-o-link, bob-o-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away,
From the plum tree today."

"Not I" said the dog, "Bow-wow!
I would not be so mean, I vow,
I gave some hairs the nest to make,
But the nest I did not take.
Not I" said the dog "Bow-wow.

I wouldn't be so mean, I vow."

"Coo-oo! Coo-coo! Coo-coo!
Let me speak a word or two.
Who stole the pretty nest
From little Yellow-breast?"

"Not I" said the sheep "oh no,
I would not treat a poor bird so.
I gave wool the nest to line.
But the nest was none of mine.
Baa-baa!" said the sheep, "oh no,
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so."

"Caa-Caw!" cried the crow,
"I should like to know,
What thief took away
a bird's nest to day."

"Cluck, Cluck!" said the hen
"Don't ask me again,
Why I haven't a chick
Would do such a trick
We all gave her a feather
And she wove them together
I'd scorn to intrude
On her and her brood.
Cluck! Cluck!" said the hen.
"Don't ask me again."

"Chirr a whirr! Chirr a whirr!
All the birds make a stirr,
Let us find out his name,
And all cry "for shame!"
"I would not rob a bird!"
Said little Mary Green.
"I think I never heard
Of anything so mean."

"Sto' very cruel too,
Said little Alice Neal,
"I wonder if he knew
How sad the bird would feel."

A little boy hung down his head.
And went and hid behind the bed.
For he stole that pretty nest,
From little Yellow Breast.
And he felt so full of shame.
He did not like to tell his name.

Anon.

Copied from
Memory Selections.

Five Little Chickens.

Said the first little chicken
With a queer little squirm:
"Oh, I wish I could find
A fat little worm!"

Said the next little chicken
With an odd little shrug:
"Oh, I wish I could find
A fat little bug!"

Said the third little chicken
With a sharp little squeal:
"Oh I wish I could find
Some nice yellow meal!"

Said the fourth little chicken
With a small sigh of grief
Oh, I wish I could find
A little green leaf!"

Said the fifth little chicken,
With a faint little moan:
"Oh, I wish I could find
A wee gravel stone!"

"Now, see here," said the mother
From the green garden patch:
"If you want any breakfast
You just come and scratch!"

The Wood-Box.

It was kept out in the kitchen, and
'twas long and deep and wide,
And the poker hung above it and the
shovel stood beside
And the big, black cookstove, grinning
thru' its grate from ear to ear,
Seemed to look as if it loved it like
a brother, pretty near.
Flowered oil-cloth tacked around it
kept its cracks and knot-holes hid,
And a pair of leather hinges fastened
on its heavy lid;
And it hadn't any bottom — or, at
least it seemed that way
When you hurried in to fill it, so's
to get outside and play.

2) When the noons was hot and lagg'y, and
the leaves hung dry and still.
And the locust in the pear-tree
started up his planing-mill
And the drum-beat of the breakers
was a soothin', temptin' roll,
And you knew the "gang" was
waitin' by the brimmin'
"swimmin' hole" —
Louder than the locusts buzzin' —
louder than the breakers' roar,
You could hear that wood-box holler,
"Come and fill me up once more!"
And the old clock ticked and chuckled
as you let each armful drop,
Like it said, "Another minute, and
you're nowheres near the top!"

3) In the chilly winter mornins, when
the bed was snug and warm
And the frosted winders tinkled 'neath
the fingers of the storm,
And your breath rose off the pillar in
a smoky cloud of steam —
Then that wood-box grim, and empty,
Came a dancin' thru' your dreams.
Came and pounded at your conscience,
Screamed in aggravatin' glee,
"Would you like to sleep this mornin',
you git up and 'tend to me!"
Land! how plain it is this minute,
sheds and barn and drifted snow,
And the slabs of oak a'waitin', piled and ready,

ill a row.

4).

Never was a fishin' frolic, never
was a game of ball,
But that mean, provokin' wood-box
had to come and spoil it all.
You might study at your lessons,
and 'twas full, and full to stay;
But just start an Injun story, and
'twas empty right away.
Seemed as if a spite was in it, and,
althó' I might forget
All the other chores that plagued me,
I can hate that wood-box yet:
And when I look back at boyhood,
shakin' off the cares of men,-
Still it comes to spoil the picture,
screamin' "Fill me up agin!"

Joseph C. Lincoln.

The Walrus and the Carpenter.

The sun was shining on the sea
Shining with all his might
He did this very best to make
The billows smooth & bright
And this was odd because it was
The middle of the night.
The moon was shining sulkily
Because she thot the sun
Had no business to be there
after his work was done -
"It's very rude of him." she said
"To come and spoil the fun."
The sea was wet as wet could be
The sand was dry and dry
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky.
No birds were flying overhead -
There were no birds to fly.
The walrus & the carpenter
Were walking close at hand
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand.
"If this were only cleared away
They said - it would be grand."
"If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year
"Do you suppose," the Walrus said
That they could get it clear?"
"I doubt it" said the carpenter
And shed a bitter tear.
"O Oysters" come and walk with us!
The Walrus did beseech.
A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach:
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each."

The eldest Oyster looked at him
But never a word he said
The eldest Oyster winked his eye
And shook his heavy head.
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster bed.
But four young Oysters hurried up
All eager for the treat.
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed
Their shoes were clean and neat.
And this was odd because you know
They hadn't any feet.
Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more and more and more -
All hopping thro' the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.
The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low:
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.
"The time has come," the Walrus said
"To talk of many things:
Of shoes - and ships - and sealing-wax -
Of cabbages - and kings -
And why the sea is boiling hot -
And whether pigs have wings."
"But wait a bit," the oysters cried
"Before we have our chat:
For some of us are out of breath,
And some of us are fat!"
"No hurry!" said the Carpenter
They thanked him much for that.

"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,
"Is what we chiefly need:
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed -
Now if you're ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed."
"But not on us!" the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue,
"After such kindness, that would be
A dismal thing to do."
"The night is fine!" the Walrus said
"Do you admire the view?"
"It was so kind of you to come!
And you are very nice!"
The Carpenter said nothing but
Cut us another slice:
"I wish you were not quite so deaf -
I've had to ask you twice!"
"It seems a shame," the Walrus said
To play them such a trick
After we've brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick."
The Carpenter said nothing but
"The butter's spread too thick!"
"I weep for you," the Walrus said:
"I deeply sympathize."
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size
Holding his pocket-handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.
"O Oysters," said the Carpenter
"You've had a pleasant run!
Shall we be trotting home again?"
But answer came there none -
And this was scarcely odd, because they'd eaten every one.

Lewis Carroll. From the Looking Glass.

Florence

Kriss Kringle.

Just as the moon was fading
Amid the misty rings
And every stocking was stuffed
With child-hood's precious things.

Old Kriss Kringle looked round,
And saw on the elm-tree bough
High-hung an oriole's nest,
Silent and empty now.

"Quite like a stocking," he laughed,
"Pinned up there in the tree!
Little I thot the birds
Expected a present from me."

Then old Kriss Kringle who loves
A joke as well as the best,
Dropped a handful of snow flakes
In the oriole's empty nest.

T. B. Aldrich.

Here comes old Father Nicholas
With sound of fife and drums;
With mistletoe about his brows,
So merrily he comes!

Rose Terry Cooke.

Shoe & Stocking—

In Holland, children set their shoes
This night outside the door,
These wooden shoes Knecht Clobes sees,
And fills them from his store.

And here we hang our stockings up,
On handy hook or nail;
And Santa Claus when all is still,
Will plump them without fail.

Speak up, you sober sides, speak out,
And let us hear your views;
Between a stocking and a shoe,
What do you see to choose?

One instant pauses Sober-sides
A little sigh to fetch,
"Well—seems to me a stocking's best
For wooden shoes won't stretch."

Edith Thomas.

While Stars of Christmas shine.

While stars of Christmas shine,
Lighting the skies,
Let only loving looks,
Beam from your eyes.

While bells of Christmas ring,
Joyous and clear
Speak only happy words,
All mirth and cheer.

Give only loving gifts
And in love take.
Gladden the poor and sad
For love's dear sake.

by
Emelie Poulsson

1 # (d)

Grace sung 'Xmas 1920.

A Christmas Lullaby.

Sing, winds sing in the palm-trees high
'Round Bethlehem, round dear Bethlehem,
Sing softly sing, there's a little cry!
Sing 'round the manger, a lullaby.

Sing stars sing, from the listening sky,
O'er Bethlehem, o'er dear Bethlehem.
Sing gladly sing, there are angels nigh —
Sing to the Baby, a lullaby.

St. David's church. Lidgenwood - Spokane.

Christmas Hymn.

(1 b A)

Could I have been the smallest star,
Of all the stars that beamed,
In beauty over Bethlehem
How brightly I had gleamed.
And while across the happy hills,
The wondrous glory swept,
I would have sent my little light,
To where the Baby slept.

Or had I been the smallest tree
Of all the trees that hung,
In rapture over Bethlehem
How softly I had sung!
And while the Christmas angels sang,
Their Gloria on high
Each breeze that stirred my leaves had been,
The Baby's lullaby.

Lulu sang 'Xmas 1920.

by Margaret Dillon

First, Best Christmas Night.

Like small, curled feathers white and soft,
The little clouds went by,
Across the moon and past the stars,
And down the western sky.
In upland pastures where the grass
With frosted dew was white,
Like snowy clouds the young sheep lay,
That first, best Christmas night.

The shepherds slept and glimmering faint
With twist of thin, blue smoke,
Only their fires crackling flames,
Their tender silence broke —
Save when a young lamb raised his head,
Or when the night wind blew,
A nesting bird would softly stir,
Where dusky olives grew —

With finger on her solemn lip
Night hushed the shadowy earth
And only stars and angels saw,
The little Savior's birth;
Then came such flash of silver light,
Across the bending skies.
The wondering shepherds woke and hid
Their frightened, dazzled eyes!

And all their gentle sleepy flock,
Looked up, then slept again,
Nor knew the light that dimmed the stars
Brought endless peace to men —
Nor even heard the gracious words
That down the ages ring —

"The Christ is born! the Lord has come,
Good-will on earth to bring!"
Then o'er the moonlit, misty fields,
Dumb with the world's great joy,
The shepherds sought the white-walled town
Where lay the Baby boy—
And oh, the gladness of the sky world,
The glory of the skies,
Because the longed-for Christ looked up
In Mary's happy eyes!

Down The Ages.

Dusk came creeping, creeping
Stars came peeping
Over Judah's hills and plain
Flocks upon the slopes were numbered
Shepherds slumbered,
Winds were hushed, and night held reign.

Camels came softly striding,
Wise men riding,
Long the star led distant way;
Heaven's velvet blue is lighted; Shepherds frighted,
"Fear yet not," a voice doth say.

Then came angels singing, Chorus ringing
"Peace on earth, the Christ is born!
To the Highest, glory, glory!" Glad, sweet story,
They were told that Christmas morn.

He is found in manger lowly,
Child so holy!
And the wise men gifts bestow,
Down the ages comes the story;
Shout for glory!
Love reigns. With it, hearts o'erflow.

by Susan Kane.

Christmas Hymn.

Tell me what is this innumerable throng,
Singing in the heavens a loud angelic song?
These are they who come with swift shining feet,
From round about the throne of God the Lord of Light to greet.

O, who are these that hasten beneath the starry sky
As if with joyful tidings that thro' the world shall fly?
The faithful shepherds these, who greatly were afeared,
When as they watched their flocks by night, the heavenly host appeared.

Who are these that follow across the hills of night
A star that westward hurries along the fields of light?
Three wise men from the east who myrrh & treasure bring
To lay them at the feet of Him, their Lord & Christ & King.

What babe new-born is this that in the manger cries?
Near on her bed of pain his happy mother lies.
O see! the air is shaken with white & heavenly wings—
This is the Lord of all the earth, this is the King of kings.

Tell me, how may I join in this holy feast
With all the kneeling world, and I of all the least?
Fear not, O faithful heart, but bring what most is sweet
Bring love alone, true love alone, and lay it at his feet.

The Stars.

1
In the deep dark blue
Of the winter sky
Shine the little stars
So bright and high

2
All over the world.
While children sleep
The little stars
Their vigil keep.

3
Long, long ago
Shone a bright clear star
That guided shepherds,
From afar.

4
O'er Bethlehem
It rayed its light
Where the Christ-Child lay,
That Christmas night.

5
And ever the stars
Their calm watch keep
O'er the little children
Fast asleep.

Christmas Carol.

The earth has grown old with its burden of care
But at Christmas it always is young.
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair
And its soul full of music breaks forth on the air
When the song of the angels is sung.

It is coming, old earth it is coming tonight,
On the snowflakes that cover thy sod,
The feet of the Christ Child fall gentle and white
And the voice of the Christ child tells out
That mankind are the children of God.

On the sad and the lonely, the wretched and poor,
The voice of the Christ-Child shall fall.
And to every blind wanderer open the door
Of a hope that he dared not to dream of before,
With a sunshine of welcome for all.

The feet of the humblest may walk in the field,
Where the feet of the holiest have trod,
This, this is the marvels to mortals revealed
When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pealed
That mankind are the children of God.

– by Phillips Brooks.

A Merrie Christmas.

A merrie Christmas to you!
For we serve the Lord with mirth
And we carol forth glad tidings
Of our holy Saviour's birth.
So we keep the golden greeting
With its meaning deep and true.
And wish a "merrie Christmas",
And a glad new New Year to you!

Oh, yes a "merrie Christmas"
With blithest song and smile
Bright with the thot of him who dwelt,
On earth a little while
That we might dwell forever
Where never falls a tear;
So a merrie Christmas to you,
And a happy, happy year.

– Francis R. Havergal

Oh wake ye, little children
And be of goodlie cheer.
Yon sun so high, along the sky
Hath shone two thousand year.
And once it saw a little child
In manger lying undefiled
And all about the cattle mild
Did lovingly draw near.
So wake ye little children
And be of goodlie cheer.

Oh, wake ye little children
And let each heart be gay
Good will to men; they caroled then,
And why should ye delay?
Awake, awake and rise and sing
And greet ye every living thing,
For man and beast did greet your King
On that first Christmas day!
Then wake ye little children
For this is Christmas day.

(from an old
Christmas Carol.)

The Christ Child. — Monira M Intosh

Once a little Christ-child in a stable lay,
Cradled in a manger, on the fragrant hay;
O'er him bent his mother, with a smile of love,
While a star most wonderful shone in Heaven above

Over fields where shepherds watched their quiet sheep
Shone that star in brightness, roused them from their sleep,
While a glorious angel brighter than the morn,—
Sang the blessed tidings, "Christ the Lord is born."
In the East the wise men saw the wondrous star,
Swiftly on their camels came they from afar,
To that lowly stable precious gifts they bring,
Gold and myrrh and incense to the newborn King.

Let us sing with gladness this bright Xmas morn
Of the little Christ Child in a manger born,
And with adoration bring rich gifts of love,
For the Holy Christ-Child now enthroned above.

(Linnaeus recited)
1920.

Music and Men. The parson "Choir Invisible"

To me every civilization has given out its distinct musical quality; the ages have their peculiar tones, each century its key, its scale. For generations in Greece, you can hear nothing but the pipes; during other generations nothing but the lyre. Think of the long time among the Romans when your ear is reached by the trumpet alone. Whole events in history come down with the effect of an orchestra, playing in the distance: single lives sometimes like a great solo. As for the people, some have to me the sound of brass, some of wood, some strings - Only - a few - so very few - yield the perfect music of their kind. The brass is a little too loud; the wood a little too muffled; the strings - some of the strings are invariably (muffled) broken. I know a big man who is nothing but a big drum; ... another whose whole existence has been a jig on a fiddle; a shrill little fellow who is a fife; and a brassy girl who is a pair of cymbals; and once, an old maid who was a real living spinet. .... Another an old music book - long ago sung thru', learned by heart and laid aside: in a faded wrinkled binding - yellowed paper stained by tears - haunted by an oder of rose petals, crushed between the leaves of memory; a genuine very thin and stiff collection of rarest original songs - not songs without words, but without sounds.

Women and Marriage.

"Some women in marrying demand all and give all: with good men they are the happy: with base men they are the broken hearted. Some demand everything and give little: with weak men they are tyrants; with strong men they are the divorced. Some demand little, and give all: with congenial souls, they are already in heaven; with uncongenial, they are soon in their graves. Some give little and demand little, they are the heartless, and they bring neither the joy of life nor the peace of death."

Jessica in "Choir Invisible" by Allen.

the ballads of an undiscovered heart, the hymns of an unanswered spirit. Martin Luther - he was a cathedral organ. And so the whole past sounds to me: it is the music of the world: it is the vast choir of the ever living dead. The most we can do is to begin a strain that will last a little after we have perished. ... I would like the memory of my life to give out the sound of a flute."

"And whatever else may be said of women, this is one thing they can do with an ingenuity that is never surpassed. God himself with all his forces of Nature in the hollow of his hand does not begin to compete with any ordinary little duodecimal woman when it comes to surprising a man."

"Let us pray – this is always a majestic sentence. It brings the Maker of the Heavens and the world upon the scene. It banishes the sneer of the world. It makes an atheist look like a rotten gourd. No matter what errors of doctrine went before, nor what shallow sentimentality of singing, nor how many hypocrites or sinners are present, the curtain rises for a moment on a far eternity & man, and we have a fleeting glimpse of little stars holding up their hands to shut out the too great glory of God."

From "The Recording Angel"
by Cora Harris –
– 1916

Vestigia

I took a day to search for God
And found him not. But as I trod
By rocky ledge, through woods untamed
Just where one scarlet lily flamed,
I saw His foot-print in the sod.

Then suddenly, all unaware
Far off in the deep shadows, where
A solitary hermit thrush
Sang thro' the holy twilight hush –
I heard His voice upon the air.

And even as I marveled how
God gives us Heaven here and now
In a stir of wind that hardly shook
The poplar leaves beside the brook –
His hand was light upon my brow.

At last with evening as I turned
Homeward and thot what I had learned
And all that there was still to probe –
I caught the glory of His robe.
Where the last fires of sunset burned.

Back to the world with quickening start
I looked and longed for any part
In making saving Beauty be .....
And from that kindling ecstacy
I knew God dwelt within my heart.

– Bliss Carmen.

The Baby King.

Over the hills of Bethlehem
A white star hung on night
The low gray walls of the little town
All lay in a silvery light.

Over the hills of Bethlehem
Three wise men came from far;
"Where is the Baby King," they said
"Who leadeth us by his star?"

Over the walls of Bethlehem
The great white star hung low.
And they found the King on a manger throne,
And the kine in a kneeling row.

And gentle shepherds were at his feet,
And over the manger throne –
a pale and radiant star of love –
The face of the mother shone.

Around the Baby of Bethlehem
The heavens once touched the earth,
And choirs of angels came thronging down,
To heaald the Savior's birth.

Oh, where is the cradle of Bethlehem?
And where is the Baby King?
Thy heart, dear child is the cradle throne,
And round it the angels sing:

And the King – the stars are under his feet,
All worlds are within his hand,
And when thou art grown in the grace of Him,
Thy heart – it shall understand.

Mary Lathbury.

Irene recited 1912.

Adventure.

I have never traveled to far off places,
But still have known adventure and delight
For I have watched the stealthy sun of morning,
Spring like a tawny lion to scatter night.
I have followed the pathway of wind grey hounds,
Lithely leaping along the prairie grass
Bugling joy of the chase into throaty echoes
Against surrounding mountains as they pass.

I have seen leafships on a mountain river
Loaded with cargo for some distant sea.
And listened to the chanteys of the sailors
Re-echoed by the canyon back to me.
O, I have known many a strange adventure
And I have witnessed magic things as well.
For once I saw a bleak, forbidding mountain
At sunset turn to abalone shell.

Helen Pronmelf.

by Herbert Carruth.

Each in His Own Tongue.

A Firemist and a Planet
A crystal and a cell
A jelly-fish and a saurian
And caves where cavemen dwell,
And a sense of Law and Beauty
And a face turned from the clod,
Some call it evolution
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon
The infinite, tender sky
The ripe, rich tint of the corn fields
And wild geese sailing high
And all over upland loveliness
The charm of the golden-rod,
Some of us call it Autumn
And others call it God.

Like tide on a crescent sea-beach
When the moon is new and thin
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling & surging in.
Come from the mystic ocean
Whose rim no foot hath trod
Some of us call it longing
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty
A mother starved for her brood,
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood.
And the millions who humble & nameless
The straight hard pathway plod.
Some call it Consecration, And others call it God.

— Wanderlust —

Beyond the East, the sunrise
Beyond the West, the sea
And East & West the wanderlust
That will not let me be.
It works in me like madness dear,
To bid me say Good bye
For the seas call, and the stars call,
And oh, the call of the sky.

I know not where the white road runs,
Nor what the blue hills are
But man can have the sun for a friend
And for his guide the star,
And there is no end of voyaging
When once the voice is heard:
For the river calls, and the road calls,
And oh! the call of the bird.

Yonder the long horizon lies,
And there by night and day
The old ships draw to home again,
And the young ships sail away.
And come I may, but go I must,
And if men ask you why,
You may just put blame on
On the stars, and the sun,
And the white road, and the sky!

— — — — — — —

But the feeble hands and helpless
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that darkness,
And are lifted up and strengthened.

Longfellow.

The great were once as you,
They whom men magnify today
Once groped and blundered on life's way
Were fearful of themselves and thought
By magic was man's greatness wrought.
They feared to try what they could do
Yet Fame hath crowned with her success,
The self same gifts that you possess.

Ed. Guest.

Some body said it couldn't be done
But he with a chuckle replied
That maybe it couldn't but he would be one
Who couldn't say so 'till he tried.
So he buckled right in with a trace of a grin
On his face - if he worried, he hid it,
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done, and he did it.

Ed. Guest.

For Life is the mirror of King and slave
'Tis just what you are and do,
Then give the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

Madeline Bridge.

Need.

If you want a thing bad enough
To go out and fight for it,
Work day and night for it,
Give up your time & your peace & your sleep for it.
If only desire for it
Makes you quite mad enough,
Never to tire of it.
Makes you hold all other things tawdry & cheap for it
If life seems all empty & useless without it.
All that you scheme & you dream is about it
If gladly you'll sweat for it
Fret for it, plan for it
Lose all your terror of God or man for it
If you simply go after the thing that you want.
With all your capacity, strength & sagacity.
Faith, hope and confidence, stern perinacity
If neither cold poverty, famished & gaunt,
Nor sickness, nor pain
Of body or brain,
Can turn you away, from the thing that you want.
If dogged and grim
You besiege and beset it,
You'll get it!

For Life is the mirror of King and slave
'Tis just what you are and do,
Then give the world, the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

Madeline Bridge.

Arise, oh soul and gird thee up anew
Tho' the black camel Death kneel at this gate,
No beggar thou, that thou for alms shouldst sue,
Be the proud captain still of thine own fate.

Kenyon.

To every man there openeth
A way, and ways, and a way.
And the high soul climbs the high way,
And the low soul gropes the low.
And in between, on the misty flats
The rest drift to and fro.
But to every man there openeth
A high way and a low.
And every man decideth
The way his soul shall go.

Opportunity.

They do me wrong who say I come no more
When once I knock + fail to find you in.
For every day I stand outside your door
And bid you wake + rise to fight + win.

Wait not for precious chances passed away.
Weep not for golden ages on the wane,
Each night I burn the records of the day
At sunrise every soul is born again.

Walter Malone.

The best verse hasn't been rhymed yet
The best house hasn't been planned.
The highest peak hasn't been climbed yet,
The mightiest rivers aren't spanned;
Don't worry and fret, faint hearted
The chances have just begun
For the best jobs have just started,
And the best work is not done.

Berton Bradley.

The Minuet.

Grandma told me all about it
Told me so I couldn't doubt it
How she danced, my Grandma, long ago.
How she held her pretty head,
How her dainty skirts she spread,
How she turned her little toes
Smiling little human rose.

Grandma's hair was bright and sunny,
Dimpled cheeks, too! ah how funny!
Bless me, now she wears a cap,
My Grandma does, and takes a nap
Every single day.
Yet she danced the minuet long ago
Now she sits there rocking, rocking,
Always knitting Grandpas stockings,--
Every girl was taught to knit long ago.

But her figure is so neat,
And her ways so staid and sweet,
I can almost see her now,
Bending to her partner's bow long ago.
Grandma says our modern jumping
Rushing, whirling, dashing, bumping
Would have shocked the gentle folk,
Long ago.

No, they moved with stately grace,
Everything in proper place,
Gliding slowly, forward back, then
Slowly courtesying back again.

Modern ways are quite alarming, Grandma says,
But boys were charming -- Girls & boys, I mean, of course -
Sweetly modest, bravely shy, What if all of us should be
Like those who met, In the stately minuet,
Long ago!

With the minuet in fashion, who could fly into a passion?
All would wear the calm they wore, long ago.
And if in years to come, perchance,
I tell my grandchild of our dance,
I should like to say, We did it in some such way
Long ago!

The New Bonnet.

A foolish little maiden, had a foolish little bonnet
With a ribbon, and a feather, and a bit of lace upon it
and that all the other maidens of the little town might know it,
She thot she'd go to meeting, next Sunday just to show it,
and altho this little bonnet was scarce larger than a dime
The getting of it settled proved to be a work of time.
and when 'twas fairly tied, all the bells had ceased their ringing,
and when she came to meeting, all the folks were singing,
So the foolish little maiden stood and waited at the door
and she fluffed her ruffles out behind and smoothed them down before.

"Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" Sang the choir above her head
Hardley knew you, Hardley knew you, were the words she thot they said,
For this made the little maiden so very, very cross,
That she gave her little mouth a twist, & her head a little toss
For she thot the very hymn they sang, was all about her bonnet,
With the ribbon, & the feather, & the bit of lace upon it.

But she would not wait to listen to the sermon or the prayer,
But pattered down the silent street, and up the stairs,
Till she reached her little dresser with a layed box on it,
Which had hidden safe from critics view, the foolish little bonnet,
Which proves, my little maidens, that each of us will find
In every Sabbath service, but an echo of her mind,
And the silly little head, that's filled, with silly little airs,
Will never get a blessing from the sermon or the prayer.

M'Hm.

Yeve heerd hoo the Deil as he
wauchled thro Beith
Wi a wife in ilk oxter and 'ane
in his teeth,
When some one ca'd oot, "Will ye
tak mine the morn?"
He waggled his tail and he cocked
his horn,
But he only said, "M'hm,"
He grinned and said, "M'hm."
Wi' sic a big mooth fu' he codna
say "aye."

(2).

When I was a gallant long syne at
the skule,
The maister aye cá'd me a dunce and
a fule,
But for a' that he said, I could
neer understand,
Save when he said, "Jamie, just
haud oot yer han'."
Then I glowned and said, "M'hm."
I glowered and said, "M'hm."
I wasna that proud but owre dowie to say, "Ay

(3)

Yin day a queer word ax lang-nebbit's
himsel',
He vowed he would thrash me if I
wadna spell,
Quoth I "Mr. Didl," with a kind o' a
swither,
"I'll spell ye that word, gin ye spell
me anither;
Let's hear ye spell, "M'hm."
That auld Scotch word, 'M'hm'
That laud farraut word — ye ken
it means "aye." "

(4)

And when a bold wooer I coorted
ma Jean,
O' Avon's braw lassies, the bride
an the queen,
When neath ma auld plaidie
wi' heart beating fain,
I speered in a whisper if she'd be
ma ain,
She blushed and said, "M'hm,"
She smiled and said, "M'hm,"
A thousand times sweeter and
dearer than "aye."

Little Red Book 254

Song + Study for God's Little Ones

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